She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.
Marcus. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.
Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.
Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.
Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.
Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two sonnes speakes.
And shall, or him we will accompany.
Titus. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus sonne speakes:
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.
Titus.

Titus What would you bury him in my despight?
Marcus. No noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Titus. Marcus, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest,
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
3. *Sonne.* He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.
2 *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
The brother and the sonnes kneele.
Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead
2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.
Titus. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.
Lutius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all,
Marc. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His noble nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause.
Thou art a Romaine be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*
That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bard his entrance heere.
Titus, Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my sonnes in Rome:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.
Lucius, There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy tombe.
They all kneele and say,
No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame that dide in vertues cause.
Exit